K. James Francis Edward [Stuart] Engl. vol 77

THE

MISSION from ROME

INTO

GREAT-BRITAIN,

In the Cauſe of

Popery *and the* Pretender.

SCENICALLY REPRESENTED.

If it ſeem good to us to put our Necks once more under that Yoke which our Fathers were not able to bear; if it be really a Preferment to a Prince to hold the Pope's Stirrup, and a Privilege to be depoſed by him at Pleaſure, and a Courteſy to be kill'd at his Command; if to pray without Underſtanding, to obey without Reaſon, and to believe againſt Senſe; if Ignorance, an implicit Faith, and an Inquiſition, be in good earneſt ſuch charming and deſireable Things, then welcome Popery; which, wherever thou comeſt, doſt infallibly bring all theſe wonderful Privileges and Bleſſings along with thee. *Dr.* TILLOTSON.

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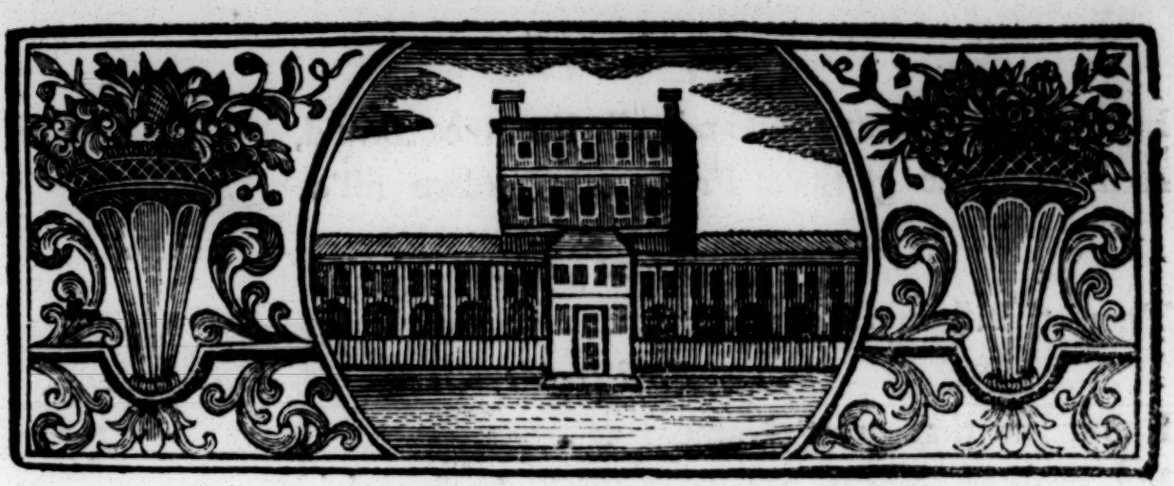
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Pope.
The Devil, in the Guiſe of a *Pilgrim.*
Two Jeſuits.



THE

Miſſion from ROME, &c.

Scene the *Vatican.*

Enter the two Jeſuits, meeting.

Firſt Jeſuit.

FATHER!

Second Jeſuit.

My Friend!

Firſt Jeſuit.

Reſtor'd to *Rome* again?

Second Jeſuit.

Once more thou ſee'ſt me at the *Vatican.*

Firſt Jeſuit.

And glad I ſee it grac'd with ſuch a Man;

In Miſſions, Councils, and all Fortunes ſkill'd,
And with the glorious Fruits of Wiſdom fill'd.

Second Jeſuit.

Thou'rt ſtill my Friend?

Firſt Jeſuit.

I am, if that great Name
My meaner Worth can from ſuch Luſtre claim.

Second Jeſuit.

Away; if thou'rt my Friend, ſuch Praiſe forbear;
Plain be thy Language, and thy Soul ſincere.
Let us our former mutual Love reſtore,
And to true Friendſhip give a faithful Hour.

Firſt Jeſuit.

Father, whate'er to thee theſe Lips impart
Is the chaſte Offspring of a faithful Heart:
This ſudden Joy inſpir'd me with thy Praiſe.
But whence the Sadneſs which thy Look betrays?
Fled is the wonted Splendor of thine Eye;
And fled thoſe Smiles which ſhed' diffuſive Joy.
Bring'ſt thou ill News, or is thy Health impair'd?

Second Jeſuit.

Thanks to kind Heav'n, tho' rare my Vows are heard,
All its ſoft Bleſſings are not bid to ceaſe;
My Health is conſtant, and my Tidings Peace:
Peace to the Church, and to the Holy Chair:
But from this Boſom that ſoft Bleſſing's far.

Firſt

Firſt Jeſuit.

What's this thou ſay'ſt?

Second Jeſuit.

In thee I ſeek Relief.

Firſt Jeſuit.

Then make thy Friend a Sharer in thy Grief.

Second Jeſuit.

How fares the Holy Father?

Firſt Jeſuit.

Wondrous hale;
New Health and Spirits o'er his Age prevail,
Brace his old Nerves, through all his Art'ries fly,
Smile on his Cheek, and ſparkle in his Eye.

Second Jeſuit.

Amazing! This of him! Prithee explain.

Firſt Jeſuit.

We have a Pilgrim here, ſeems more than Man;
A Trav'ler, as they ſay, o'er th' Earth, alone,
Vers'd in all Arts, and in all Nations known;
In Nature's ſecret Laws of Skill profound;
No Myſt'ry of ſuch Depth but he can ſound:
And of this wond'rous Man the Pontiff's wond'rous fond.
By him he rules, whate'er Affairs may call;
And at this Stranger's Will we riſe or fall:
Gives him his Ear, his Heart, his ev'ry Hour;
And talks of Univerſal Wealth and Power;

That the whole Earth before his Throne ſhall bow;
And his unerring Meaſures quickly ſhew
From its high Thrones all Lay-Dominion hurl'd,
And *Rome* again the Miſtreſs of the World.
Their Arts or Schemes no Mortal yet diſcerns.
From him the Secret for his Health he learns:
From him for all his Griefs he has a Cure.

Second Jeſuit.

What Creature's this? 'Tis not the Devil ſure?

Firſt Jeſuit.

The Devil! Why, the Man's a Monk in grain:
Meek is his Soul, and mortify'd his Mien.
He courts Retirement; and the World he ſhuns:
Faſting has worn him to the very Bones.
His Art or Pray'r was never known to fail.
'Tis ſaid he will be made a Cardinal.
And if he dies, while he's thus highly priz'd,
Sure as thy Virtue, he'll be canoniz'd.

Second Jeſuit.

Faſting, thou ſay'ſt, has worn him to the Bone.

Firſt Jeſuit.

So it appears: He's a mere Skeleton.

Second Jeſuit.

This ſtrikes me. Say, what Habit 'tis he wears.

Firſt Jeſuit.

A Shirt of Hair-Cloth next his Skin appears;

Round That a ſcarlet Saſh is looſely thrown,
And over both he wears a plain black Gown:
A little ſwarthy Man, well ſeen in Years.

Second Jeſuit.

Amazing!

Firſt Jeſuit.

How!

Second Jeſuit.

Freſh Fuel to my Fears.

Firſt Jeſuit.

What Fears haſt thou?

Second Jeſuit.

Fears which diſtract my Heart;
Fears, which to vanquiſh baffles all my Art.

Firſt Jeſuit.

From whence?

Second Jeſuit.

A diſmal Viſion of the Night.
Would'ſt thou believe, a Dream my Soul could fright?

Firſt Jeſuit.

Obſervers ſay, ſome angry Fate is near,
When Breaſts like thine are touch'd with ſecret Fear.
But let not Fancy's airy Terrors thwart
Thy brighter Reaſon, or invade thy Heart.
Let not a Dream amaze thee; a falſe Dread,
From Cares, or Fumes of Indigeſtion, bred:

Shall Tricks of Fancy, left alone to ſtray,
Shake thy firm Boſom, and thy Heart diſmay?
But thou art wiſe; and my too forward Zeal
Urges the Cautions which thou know'ſt ſo well.

Second Jeſuit.

Welcome the Zeal thou haſt ſo well declar'd:
But hear me firſt, and judge when thou haſt heard.
To *Albion*'s Iſle, to proſelyte for *Rome*,
The Pontiff ſent me, and from thence I come.
On her brave Sons I practis'd ev'ry Snare,
And on her Daughters too, ſo wond'rous fair:
Made Thouſands to our Myſt'ries ope' the Door,
And turn out all the Faith they had before;
'Gainſt Common-Senſe to raiſe a hideous Cry,
And fiercer than their own fam'd Maſtiffs fly:
Taught them, the greateſt Saint is he who ſeeks
T' advance the Church, and root out Hereticks;
That 'twas a ſacred Deed, for theſe great Things,
To blow up Senates, and to poiſon Kings,
Slay Sons and Daughters, burn a Neighbourhood,
Or cut a Father's Throat, and lay whole Realms in Blood;
Taught them to fill the Air with falſe Complaints
Of Publick Mis'ries, and of private Wants;
To curſe the King, the Miniſters to hiſs,
And brand the Times in univerſal Bliſs;
To burn implacable againſt the State,
To plot, lye, forge, forſwear, aſſaſsinate,

And ſtart at Nothing for the fetching Home
The ſoft ſham Monarch here we keep at *Rome*,
And winning for that Sot the *Britiſh* Diadem.
Can Mirth have Place on ſuch a frightful Theme?
To 'Squires I prais'd his Health and Voice ſo clear,
Said, he lov'd Hunting, and admir'd their Beer:
The Fair I taught to pity his Miſhaps,
To praiſe his Dancing, and commend his Shapes;
And from thoſe Graces prove his Right Divine.
But Mirth's a Pain to Boſoms pierc'd like mine.
I leave it then, and haſte to ſhew my Wound
In the ſweet Iſle, its guardian Seas ſurround:
Long had I thus reſided on my Care,
When one Night, muſing on my Fortunes there,
And the gay Realm with all the Bleſſings fill'd,
Which Men can wiſely wiſh, or Heav'n to Men can yield;
As on my Bed ſerene and calm I lay,
Sleep watch'd, and ſoftly ſtole my Thoughts away;
Toil'd *Reaſon* nimbly from her Throne convey'd,
And in the Arms of ſoft *Oblivion* laid.
Fancy beheld; and, when that Queen was gone,
Up mounts the Mimic, and ſupplies the Throne;
And more tremendous never was her Reign.
But, ah! She rul'd by Heav'n's bright Sanctions then;
And What I trembling ſaw with mimic Eyes
Was the dread Will of Pow'rs beyond the Skies.
Dark Viſions of the *Powder-Plot* appear;
Here ſo well known, ſo well remember'd there;

And to my Eyes *Britannia*'s States preſent
King, Lords, and Commons, met in Parliament;
Her Guardian Eagles watching o'er their Care.
The Wind was ſilent, and the Welkin clear;
Sweetly the Sun, in Brumal Glory mild,
And *Scorpion* Fires array'd, on all Things ſmil'd.
When ſudden' the Skies darken'd; Peace was fled;
The Wind roſe raging from its ſecret Bed:
And then, as if the Tempeſt to reſtrain,
Came bellowing Thunders dragging Seas of Rain;
Winds, Floods and Fires through all the Skies contend,
And with the quaking Earth in fighting Horrors blend.
Ye Saints! The Wrecks and Noiſe! I thought, aſtunn'd,
Nature bled ſomewhere, and bewail'd the Wound.
Th' Auguſt Aſſembly, at a Scene ſo dire,
Start from their Seats, and in a Fright retire.
I turn'd and fled, but fled I knew not where,
By Fortune guided, and impell'd by Fear;
(Such is my Phraſe) but fled not far: A Door,
Obſcure and cloſe, I had not mark'd before,
Quick' met my Eye, my Feet enchanted drew,
And ſwiftly open in the Moment flew.
Eager I ran, look'd in, and ſaw there went
Down-winding vaulted Stairs, a dark Deſcent.
What fancied Impulſe, joining my Diſmay,
Bore my Heart forward to the gloomy Way?

Bold' flam'd th'impelling Fire. O Pow'r Divine,
Was't not like thine? O gracious! Was't not thine?

Firſt Jeſuit.

Father, thou melt'ſt my Heart, and chain'ſt my Ear.

Second Jeſuit.

Forgive my Tranſport; for 'twas more than Fear:
Heav'n's ſeeret Fires, which all the Soul exalt,
Impell'd, and down I pierc'd the gloomy Vault.
And now a glimm'ring Light invades my Eye,
And to my Ear two diſtant Voices fly.
My Flight I ſlack, and forward ſoftly move,
Cautious the Myſt'ry, undiſcern'd, to prove:
And ſoon I reach'd the Scene, a gloomy Hole,
Where Heaps of Lumber lay, and Heaps of Coal.
In a cloſe Corner there I 'ſpy'd a Prieſt,
(Strange Viſion) in our Habit plain' confeſt;
And, near, a Man from whom the Light appear'd
Dim-burning; theirs the Voices I had heard:
And ſtill they ſpoke alternate; and 'twas then
I heard the Prieſt thus document the Man.

Thy Fears are ſinful; quick' the Monſters quell:
Let not thy Conſcience 'gainſt the Church rebell;
Conſcience, without her Guidance, is the Slave of Hell.
Bold' fire the Train; 'tis Hereſy that dies:
'Tis a damn'd King and Parliament will riſe,
In Storms of Blood and Limbs wide ſquander'd, to the Skies.

Fear nothing: Truſt in me and Heav'n's Vice-King.
'Twill to thy Name immortal Glory bring:
And Men and Saints and Angels ſhall thy Praiſes ſing.
If Fate thou ſhunn'ſt (and thou ſhalt ſurely ſhun)
The Church receives thee as her darling-Son;
And will thy glorious Head with all her Honours crown.
If fall'ſt, thou fall'ſt to riſe like Holy *Steph'n*;
And, for a Blow for *Rome* ſo nobly giv'n,
Up ſoars thy Soul to ſhine the brighteſt Saint in Heav'n.
The Man replies; but, as I ſtand to hear,
Shrieks from behind fly piercing to my Ear.
I ſtart and turn, and in that Inſtant ſeem
(Such was the Magic that inform'd my Dream)
Plac'd in the Palace of the *Vatican*,
Obſcure: And ſtill I heard a piercing Moan.
'Twas Night, I thought. No Light th' Apartment chear'd
But from a Lamp: I mus'd, and ſtrait appear'd
A ſov'reign Pontiff I had never ſeen.
Chains fill'd his Hand, and furious was his Mien.
Behind him came a Man mere Skin and Bone,
Little and old, and in a plain black Gown,

Firſt Jeſuit.

Such is the Pilgrim here, and ſuch his Wear.

Second Jeſuit.

Dragging a wailing Beauty by the Hair,
Which on her Head in ſilver'd Plenty ſhone.
She ſhriek'd and ſigh'd, and thus ſhe made her Moan:

And ſhall my Children, learned, brave and free,
Be loſt at once by ſuch foul Treachery?
Shall *Rome* thus baſely raviſh all my Fame?
And the whole Earth again tell o'er my Shame?
Then bluſh'd and wept, and wip'd her glorious Eyes:
And from her Boſom fled a Train of Sighs.
The Pontiff ſilent turn'd in furious Haſte,
And caſt a Chain around her lovely Waſte;
And while he fix'd it, thus the Beauty 'plains:
Is it that Heav'n I love which thus ordains?
And ſhall *Britannia*, lov'd, rever'd, and crown'd
The Queen of Nations; and who hath, renown'd,
Of Truth and Virtue ſole Defendreſs reign'd,
Again be to the Luſts of Popes and Devils chain'd?
Does Heav'n not ſee? No Angel hear my Cry?
Down in that Inſtant from th' illumin'd Sky,
Which ſudden' fill'd the Place with fancied Flame,
To ſave the fair Diſtreſs'd an Angel came.
Soon as Heav'n's Light appear'd, the ſeeming Pin'd
Vaniſh'd, and left a filthy Stench behind;
The Pontiff fled; *Britannia* (ſo my Dream)
Sunk to the Floor, but fac'd the golden Gleam.
The radiant Servant of the King of Kings
Down flew to her, and clos'd his flaming Wings.
What Words the bliſsful Fragrance can explain
Which round him then in circling Torrents ran?
Who tell the melting Glories of his Eye,
When firſt he ſaw the glowing Beauty lie,
Bluſhing and weeping like an *April*-Sky?

Oh!

Oh! if from Angels' Eyes ſuch Sweets exhale,
Such Gleams of Love, ſuch Show'rs of Pity fall,
What's then their Maker, the Almighty Lord of All?

Firſt Jeſuit.

God is all Grace and Love.

Second Jeſuit.

We do not teach
That Grace and Love.

Firſt Jeſuit.

No: Falſhoods known we preach.
But then the Church's Int'reſt is the View:
And that, we ſay, makes ev'ry Doctrine true.

Second Jeſuit.

Away, I'm ſick on't. 'Tis foul Dealing all.

So I've oft' thought.

Second Jeſuit.

But from the Point I fall.
And I muſt haſte to cloſe the Myſtery;
For glad I would To-day the Holy Father ſee.
Of what remains then I'll but pick the Flow'r,
And leave the reſt to fill another Hour.
At length the Angel's Eye around enquires,
And full on me he bends his glorious Fires.
I wiſh'd to flee; but, vanquiſh'd with Diſmay,
Swift on my Face I fell, and trembled as I lay.
When thus the heav'nly Voice: O wretched Man,
With Devils number'd, and of Men the Bane,

Would'ſt thou Heav'n's Mercy hope? Renounce this Hour
Rome's Frauds and Whoredoms, and reſiſt her Pow'r.
Renounce thy Luſts; love Truth, and live ſincere.
Haſte to the Pontiff's Feet: Heav'n *tries* thee there.
He ſaid, then all around me dreadful ſhook,
While Shouts fill'd all the Skies: I ſtarted and awoke.
----What think'ſt thou?

Firſt Jeſuit.

Think? That Dreams are oft' divine,
Inſpir'd by Heav'n; and ſuch a one is thine.
We've got the Devil at the *Vatican:*
The Pilgrim's he: Thy Viſion points him plain.

Second Jeſuit.

It ſeems ſo.

Firſt Jeſuit.

And the reſt I well conceive,
All but one Point. Come, Father, with thy Leave,
I'll wait thee to the Pontiff.

Second Jeſuit.

Thou art kind.

Firſt Jeſuit.

It ſhocks me; but I long the Truth to find;
And gladly ſhare all Hazards with my Friend. [*Exeunt.*

Scene

Scene *Belvidere.*

Enter the Pope and the Devil. The latter habited as already deſcribed.

The Devil.

GIVE him a See.

The Pope.

But is he really come?

The Devil.

I tell thee, Pontiff, he is now in *Rome.*
Talk of the Hat: His Merits amply praiſe.

The Pope.

I know him worthy, but he diſobeys.
I call'd him not.

The Devil.

Tuſh, it was I that call'd;
Rome lack'd the Blaze of ſuch an Emerald.
I know his ſhining Worth, and him I want.
Give him a See, I ſay: His Soul enchant
With Hopes of all the Grace around thee ſhines:
'Twill form him nobly for our great Deſigns.

The Pope.

I yield; for thou know'ſt beſt the Cauſe of *Rome.*

The Devil.

So I had need, for 'tis in Truth my own.
Behold him.

The Pope.

Thou art right: I ſee him come.

Enter the two Jeſuits.

Second Jeſuit. [*Bending to the Pope's Foot.*]

Grace, holy Father; I forſake my Care
Without your Order, and at *Rome* appear.

The Pope.

The great, the matchleſs Man I wiſh'd at *Rome!*
And but now wiſh'd! in the beſt Hour thou'rt come.
I want thee near me; for I know thy Skill.
A See falls vacant, which thyſelf ſhalt fill.
And if we live, and ſtill thou'rt wholly mine,
Rome's nobleſt Purple's deſtin'd to be thine;
And 'mongſt her *Sacred Chiefs* thou ſhalt ſuperior ſhine.
This holy Man (*pointing to the Devil*) is ROME's Prime Miniſter,
Till thou ſucceedeſt to the glorious Care.
Conſult with him; he'll tell thee all my Mind.

Second Jeſuit.

Ye Saints! Such mighty Things for me deſign'd!

The Pope.

Such is our Will.

Second Jeſuit.

All Glories crown your Reign;
But my Abilities——

The Pope.

Unqueſtion'd ſhine.
Father, no Bar; nor entertain a Doubt.
Theſe Things thou merit'ſt; and they are thy Lot.

Second Jeſuit.

I yield, and humbly thank your Holineſs.
May Heav'n your Reign with all your Wiſhes bleſs.

The Pope.

To thee my riſing Fav'rite I commend. [*To the Devil.*

Second Jeſuit.

To all his Leſſons I ſhall glad' attend.

The Pope.

'Tis now I 'm pleas'd.

Firſt Jeſuit.

Haſt thou forgot thy Dream? [*Aſide to the Second.*

Second Jeſuit.

Away; no more of ſuch a fooliſh Whim. [*Aſide to the Firſt.*
Count on my Friendſhip.

The Pope.

Well, but what's the News?
What Hopes of *Albion?*

Second Jeſuit.

True; there reſt ſome Views. Her

Her Sons, late glorious, melt in Luxuries;
All's ſacred now to Pleaſure, Pomp and Eaſe.
Balls, Plays, Ridottoes, Feaſting, Women, Wine,
At Home to glitter, and Abroad to ſhine;
For Theſe Moſt get and ſpend like *Cataline*.
Oft in the Camp, and in the Navy too,
For the brave *Briton*, harneſs'd for his Foe,
You ſee that tim'rous Animal a Beau.
The Moon of *Infidelity*'s at full:
(The Wane may ſend them back to us to School:)
And wild *Profaneneſs* ſuffers no Controul;
But rears a brazen Hi'rarchy for Sin:
Fate rules the World; while Vicar *Harlequin*
In mimic Farce mocks ev'ry Act Divine.
Tales of a Tub they for the *Goſpels* feign;
For *Paul's Epiſtles* read *Eſſays on Man*;
And ſing *Pope Alexander* and *St. Jonathan*.
Yet, after All, it will be vain to care
'Bout winning *Albion* to the Holy Chair.
Still in her *Iſrael* a ſtrange *Remnant*'s ſeen,
Too clean for Others, for themſelves unclean;
For all the Arts and Pow'rs of *Rome* too hard;
And for whoſe Sakes, it ſeems, the reſt are ſpar'd;
Spite of our Curſes, ſtill a Bleſſed Race,
And ſtill her Strength, her Beauty and her Praiſe.
A *Lollard* Lump of Learning, Faith and Pray'r
Still leav'ns her Shepherds and her Shepherds' Care;
Still works againſt us, and ſtill renders vain
The Charms and Thunders of the *Vatican*.

Firm on her Throne, in his own Glory, ſhines
Her Lovely Monarch, and ſecurely reigns
Warm in the Hearts of Millions, grown too wiſe
For Paſſive Doctrines and the Church's Lies.
Juſt as *Aſtræa*, as *Alcides* brave;
And born from *Bourbon*'s faithleſs Hands to ſave
The *German* Eagles and the *Auſtrian* Heir.
And when our rav'ning *Eldeſt Son* ſhall dare,
In haughty Vengeance, wage *Invading War*,
Will ſtrike his Baſtard-Glories to the Ground,
And ſmite the Tyrant with a laſting Wound.
From this Heroic Amiable King,
(So myſtic Fame) the World's laſt Heroes ſpring:
The Scourge of Tyrants, and the Plague of *Rome*.
Vanquiſh this Race, and to our Rights we come.
But that's a Toil for which we boaſt in vain
Verſailles, *St. Lawrence*, and the *Vatican*.

The Devil.

'Tis *Rome*'s old Maxim never to deſpair,
But in all Fortunes to be watching there.
And ſtill there reſts a noble Chance for *Rome*,
May bring both *Albion* and all Nations home.
The Game's not loſt, the World ſhall quickly know:
Still in her Hands are Cards, and good ones too.

Second Jeſuit.

Thou charm'ſt my Heart; of thee I long to learn. [*To the Devil.*

Firſt Jeſuit.

Then *thou* art pleas'd too? [*Aſide to the Second.*

Second

Second Jeſuit.

Tuſh, thy Head concern [*Aſide to the Firſt.*
With other Matters. Don't be troubleſome.

The Devil.

Something goes wrong. [*Starting.*

The Pope.

What's wrong? [*Starting.*

Firſt Jeſuit.

All's wrong at *Rome*.
In the bleſt Name of Him, who, on the Tree,
Aton'd for Man, and Triumph'd over Thee,
Satan, avant; for thou art ſurely he.

The Devil vaniſhes. The Pope and Second Jeſuit run off in a Fright.

What's this informs me? Something more I feel
Than Man inſpires my Heart, and guides my Will.
The endleſs Cheats now op'ning to my Eyes!
The lively Horrors in my Boſom riſe!
This wretched Church!——The Wickedneſs of *Rome!*
O *Albion*, to thy bliſsful Seats I come.
I ſeek for Truth and Liberty divine;
Immortal Bleſſings deſtin'd to be thine:
But for the high Reſearch, alas, I bring
A feeble Eye and an unpractis'd Wing.
Still Frauds and Superſtitions in me ſway;
And Beads and Legends crowd the glorious Way.

Young

Young to the Skies, and fearful to the Flight,
Slow I ſhall riſe to Truth's tremendous Height;
Still hov'ring o'er the Lures and Traſh of *Rome*,
Till to Maturity in Flight I come;
Till Knowledge brightens, and expert I ſoar,
And fearleſs all the ſhining Road explore.
So the young Eagle, when ſhe learns to fly,
And on her tender Pinions ſeeks the Sky;
In little Heights employs her Infant-Care,
And eaſy Journies through the lower Air;
Dwarf of the Plains, ſhe hardly yet deſcries
The feather'd Nations floating in the Skies:
To low Atchievements gives her early Days;
Prowls in the Vallies, and in Bottoms plays.
But when, ſuperior in a florid Age,
She feels the ripen'd Fruits of genial Rage,
The feather'd Harneſs and the piercing Sight,
Her Pinions ſtrong and vig'rous for the Flight,
Her Plumage tow'ring like the Mountain-Grove;
In all the Glories of the Bird of *Jove*
She ſoars ſublime; all rival Heights defies,
Mounts to the Heav'ns, and ranges through the Skies.

FINIS.